

Love's Contrivance,

O R,

Le Medecin malgre Lui.

A

K. M. R.

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Middle-Temple Gate
in Fleetstreet. 1703.

Price 1s. 6d.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE
Earl of DORSET

My LORD,

AMongst the numerous Throng
that have address'd your Lordship
as the undoubted Patron of Wit
and Poetry, I presume to approach.

We are taught that Heaven its self re-
ceives the humblest Offering when fer-
vent Zeal supplies the want of Power.

A 2

Nor

DEDICATION.

Nor is there in that admiring Crowd,
who have laid their Lawrels at your
Lordship's Feet, one who can truly
boast a more profound Respect than
my self, which is my only Plea for
want of Merit, to intitle me to your
Lordship's Protection.

The courteous Affability with which
your Lordship once receiv'd a Trifle
from my Hand, rais'd such grateful Sen-
timents in my Breast, that I have ever
since been ambitious to have your glo-
rious Name prefixt as a Sanction for
something of mine, which must render
it authentick, tho' 'tis what I must blush
to lay before you.

To you alone the Muses pay their
grateful Tribute; they are your Slaves,
and on whatsoever Theam you bid 'em
sing, they readily obey, and glad the
listening World.

But hold, it is above my Sphere to
enter on Encomiums where the Subject's
fo

DEDICATION.

so sublime, when the most artful Pen
has drawn fictitious Heroes, great, wise,
affable, and just. How far short wou'd
the Poets raptur'd Flights appear, set in
the same Light with the real Character
of my Lord of *Dorset*.

Heaven seems to take peculiar Care
of that great Spirit it first infus'd in You,
transferring a mighty Portion to Your
illustrious Son; and in his sprightly
Youth we see renew'd the Charms of
Yours.

Your noble Line, Your splendid For-
tunes, and Your beauteous Offspring, all
speak You blest; and we have only left
to wish, that cheerful Hours of Health
may crown long Life, and nothing in-
terrupt Your Happiness.

If this Play is so lucky as to be ho-
nour'd with Your Lordship's perusal, I
shall reach the Height of my Ambi-
tion.

M. R.

a

I hum--

DEDICATION.

I humbly ask Your Lordship's Pardon
for the Liberty I have taken in laying
this Poem at Your Feet, whilst the Au-
thor at humble Distance begs Leave to
subscribe,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

R. M.

THE
P R E F A C E.

WRiting is a kind of Lottery in this fickle Age, and Dependence on the Stage as precarious as the Cast of a Die; the Chance may turn up, and a Man may write to please the Town, but 'tis uncertain, since we see our best Authors sometimes fail. The Criticks cavil most about Decorums, and crie up Aristotle's Rules as the most essential part of the Play; I own they are in the right of it, yet I dare venture a Wager they'll never persuade the Town to be of their Opinion, which relishes nothing so well as Humour lightly tost up with Wit, and drest with Modesty and Air. And I believe Mr. Rich will own, he got more by the Trip to the Jubilee, with all its Irregularities, than by the most uniform Piece the Stage cou'd boast of e'er since. I do not say this by way of condemning the Unity of Time, Place, and Action; quite contrary, for I think them the greatest Beauties of a Dramatick Poem; but since the other way of writing pleases full

The Preface.

as well, and gives the Poet a larger Scope of Fancy, and with less Trouble, Care, and Pains, serves his and the Players End, why shou'd a Man torture, and wrack his Brain for what will be no Advantage to him. This I dare engage, that the Town will ne'er be entertain'd with Plays according to the Method of the Ancients, till they exclude this Innovation of Wit and Humour, which yet I see no likelihood of doing. The following Poem I think has nothing can disoblige the nicest Ear; and tho' I did not observe the Rules of Drama, I took peculiar Care to dress my Thoughts in such a modest Stile, that it might not give Offence to any. Some Scenes I confess are partly taken from Molier, and I dare be bold to say it has not suffer'd in the Translation: I thought 'em pretty in the French, and cou'd not help believing they might divert in an English Dress. The French have that light Airiness in their Temper, that the least Glimps of Wit sets them a laughing, when 'twou'd not make us so much as smile; so that where I found the Stile too poor, I endeavour'd to give it a Turn; for who e'er borrows from them, must take care to touch the Colours with an English Pencil, and form the Piece according to our Manners. When
first

The Preface.

first I took those Scenes of Molier's, I design'd but three ACTs; for that reason I chose such as suited best with Farce, which indeed are all of that sort you'll find in it; for what I added to 'em, I believe my Reader will allow to be a different Stile, at least some very good Judges thought so, and in spite of me divided it into five ACTs, believing it might pass amongst the Comedies of these Times. And indeed I have no reason to complain, for I confess it met a Reception beyond my Expectation: I must own my self infinitely oblig'd to the Players, and in a great Measure the Success was owing to them, especially Mr. Wilks, who extended his Faculties to such a Pitch, that one may almost say he out-play'd himself; and the Town must confess they never saw three different Characters by one Man acted so well before, and I think my self extremely indebted to him, likewise to Mr. Johnson, who in his way I think the best Comedian of the Age.

PROLOGUE.

POets like Mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain Favourites of State,
Inventions rack'd to please both Eye and Ear,
But no Scene takes without the moving Player:
Daily we see Plays, Pamphlets, Libels, Rhimes,
Become the Falling-Sickness of the Times;
So feavourish is the Humor of the Town,
It surfeits of a Play e'er three Days run.
At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's enquire,
What modish Kick-shaws the nice Beaus desire,
What fam'd Ragoust, what new invented Salate
Has best Pretensions to regale the Palate.
If we present you with a Medly here,
A hogde podge Dish serv'd up in China Ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your Bills of Fare.
To please you all we shou'd attempt in vain,
In diff'rent Persons diff'rent Humors reign.
The Soldier's for the rattling Scenes of War,
The peaceful Beau hates shedding Blood so near.
Courtiers in Com'dy place their chief Delight,
'Cause Love's the proper Bus'ness of the Night.
The Clown for Pastoral his half Crown bestows,
But i' other House by sad Experience knows,
This polish'd Town produces few of those.

The

Prologue.

*The Merchant is for Traffick ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest Ware:
Since various Humors are pleas'd various ways,
A Critick's but a Fool to judge of Plays.
Fool, did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a Point so hard to gain,
Wit's sure a most profound unfathom'd Main.
He that sits Judge, the Trident ought to sway,
To know who's greatest Fool, or Wit to Day,
The Audience, or the Author of the Play.*

SCENE

LONDON

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Selfwill</i> , Father to <i>Lucinda</i> .	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Sir Toby Doubtful</i> , an old City Knight, in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> .	} Mr. Johnson.
<i>Bellmie</i> , a Gentleman in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> .	} Mr. Wilks.
<i>Ottavio</i> , his Friend, newly arrived from Travelling.	} Mr. Mills.
<i>Martin</i> , formerly a Servant to <i>Bellmie</i> ; but being poor is turn'd Faggot- maker.	} Mr. Norris.

W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda</i> , Daughter to <i>Selfwill</i> , in Love with <i>Bellmie</i> .	} Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Bellike</i> , her Cousin.	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Martin's</i> Wife.	Mrs. Norris.

Servants.

SCENE, LONDON.

I

Love's Contrivance,

O R,

Le Medecin malgre Lui.

ACT I SCENE I.

Enter Selfwill and Lucinda.

Self. **W**HY! what Objection can you make, I say?

Luc. Objection, Sir!

Self. Ay, what Objection?

Luc. What Objection may one not make, Sir? He's old.

Self. He'll die the sooner, and leave you a rich Widow; then you may marry whom you please.

Luc. I can't love him.

Self. Oh — that's not essential to a Wife; you can bear the Sight of him, I suppose.

Luc. So I can of a Death's-Head, but I shou'd not care to have it bed with me. In short, Sir, if you won't consider my Body, have some Pity for my Soul, for I am certain I shall —

B

Self. Cuck-

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Self. Cuckold him, ha — let him look to that ; whoever marries is a Merchant Adventurer, and Hope is his best Friend ; 'tis all but Chance, and I suppose Sir *Toby* han't traffick'd these thirty Years, but he has met with some leaky Vessels in his Life-time ; therefore, Daughter of mine, this is no Excuse.

Luc. Oh Heav'n ! what shall I do ! [*Aside.*] No Excuse, Sir ! I hope you won't be so barbarous as to force my Inclinations : I have ever been a dutiful Child to you, never disobey'd you, never thought of Marriage till you your self persuaded me. You bad me encourage *Bellmie's* Suit, as a Man you design'd for my Husband : In Obedience to you I strove to love him, and by Degrees he gain'd my Heart, which now is unalterably his ; I ne'er can love but him.

Self. You can't ——— with all my Heart, love him on, I don't bid you hate him, nor love Sir *Toby* : You say Duty to me gave the first Impression of your Love to *Bellmie*, then let your Duty give the second, at my Command, to Sir *Toby* ; for d'ye see, I am resolv'd you shall ne'er see *Bellmie*, till you are his Wife, and so consider on't ; d'you hear, to Morrow's the Day. [*Exit.*]

Luc. What shall I do ?

Enter Belliza.

Bell. What ! in Tears, *Lucinda* ? What's the matter ? Is my Uncle obstinate ?

Luc. As obstinately bent to my undoing, as the Romish Church to Heresie ; and much, I fear, 'tis not in my Power to stem the Tide of his Resolutions, for he has no Consideration but Riches.

Bell. Well, were it my case I know what I wou'd do.

Luc. There

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Luc. There is no room left to do any thing; we are pent up to so narrow a point of time, that I can turn no way for help.

Bell. And so you lie down and take what comes; a very pretty Resolution in Extremity truly.

Luc. What wou'd you have me do? My Father's immovable, all my Tears and Entreaties are thrown away upon him, he's fix'd in his Design: Besides, I have not heard a word from *Bellmie* these two Days, nor know I the Reason on't.

Bell. These two Days! there's a Lover indeed, he deserves to lose his Mistress; does he consider what inconstant Things we Women are? Had he been my Servant, o'my Conscience, I shou'd have forgot him the first Day, and got a new one the second.

Luc. Indeed I shou'd be angry with him my self, did I think him guilty of Indifference, but I'm persuaded 'tis not his Fault: Which way to give him Notice of my Father's Proceedings, I know not; for I have been so strictly watch'd these two Days, that I cannot so much as come at Pen, Ink, or Paper.

Bell. Well, Girl, to shew you that I am a well Wisher to your Designs, I'll undertake the Embassie my self, if you'll give me your Instructions.

Luc. You shew your self a Friend in every thing; come into the next Room and I'll give you 'em immediately. *[Exit.]*

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SCENE

*Love's Contrivance, or,*S C E N E *the Street.**Enter Sir Toby Doubtful and Servant.*

Sir Toby. Do you hear, if any body brings me any Money, send for me to Mr. *Selfwill's* House immediately; but if any wants Money, tell 'em I am not at home, nor shan't be all Day. *[Exit Servant.*

Enter Octavio.

Oct. A very prudent Order, faith, ——— *Sir Toby,* your Servant.

Sir Toby. Mr. *Octavio*, I am heartily glad to see you; pray how long have you been in *England*?

Oct. These six Months, but not one in Town; the last Bills you transmitted me to *Cales* brought me over. I was several times upon Change, but cou'd not have the good Fortune to meet with you: Come, shall we take a Bottle together.

Sir Toby. Another time, Sir, I shall be glad to crack a Bottle with you, but at present I have a little pressing Business; and yet I cou'd wish to stay now, for I have a little Business upon my Hands, wherein I shou'd be glad of a Friend's Advice ——— Now I know you are a Man of Sense, and your Father was my particular Friend, and I have a very great Respect for you as his Son, and wou'd rather take your Advice than any Man's I know again; therefore we'll step into this House, and and I'll tell you what 'tis.

Oct. Oh! *Sir Toby*, you do me too much Honour; I'll promise to give you the best Advice I'm capable of. Allons, so ho the House here.

Enter

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Enter Drawer.

Draw. You are welcome, Gentlemen; will you be pleas'd to walk into a Room?

Exeunt, and enter again in a Room with a Table and Wine.

Sir Toby. Well, Mr. *Octavio*, before I tell you what it is, I conjure you not to flatter me, but deal freely, and give your just Thoughts of the Matter.

Oct. You may be certain I will.

Sir Toby. I think there can be nothing worse in a Friend, than not to speak his Mind freely.

Oct. You are in the right.

Sir Toby. In this Age one finds but few Friends sincere.

Oct. That's true.

Sir Toby. Promise me then.

Oct. I promise you.

Sir Toby. Swear by your Faith you will.

Oct. Upon the Faith of a Friend I will; therefore pray tell me your Business ——— What the Devil can all this mean? *[Aside.]*

Sir Toby. Why then 'tis this; shall I do well to marry?

Oct. By the Injunction, I thought it was either Hanging or Marrying. *[Aside.]* Who you! *Sir Toby?*

Sir Toby. Yes, my self in proper Person; what is your Advice upon that?

Oct. I pray before I give you my Opinion tell me one thing.

Sir Toby. What's that?

Oct. What Age are you?

Sir Toby. What Age?

Oct. Ay.

Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Faith I don't know; but I'm very well.

Oñ. Can you guess near what Age?

Sir Toby. No, I never think of that.

Oñ. Hark ye, Sir, how old were you when my Father was first acquainted with you?

Sir Toby. Ha — how old? — why about twenty.

Oñ. Very good; and how long were you together at *Rome*?

Sir Toby. Eight Years.

Oñ. How long did you live in *France*?

Sir Toby. Seven Years.

Oñ. You were some time in *Holland* too.

Sir Toby. Five Years and a half.

Oñ. And when did you come over again?

Sir Toby. I came over in eighty.

Oñ. So, from eighty to seven hundred and one is 21 Years, I think; and five Years in *Holland*, and seven Years in *France*, that is thirty three, and eight Years at *Rome*, that is forty one, and twenty Years you own at your first Acquaintance with my Father, which is just three score and one, by your own Confession, and it may be a Year or two older.

Sir Toby. Who I, Mr. *Oñavio*? No, no, it can't be, you have reckon'd wrong.

Oñ. Nay, I have calculated just I'll assure you; whereupon I shall speak freely like a Friend; and as you made me swear to do — Marriage won't do your Work, that's a thing we young Men ought to think seriously on before we do it, but Men of your Age should never think on't at all: If one wou'd give the greatest Ill a Name 'tis Marriage, I know nothing worse, especially to an old Man; therefore if you'll take my Advice, don't think on't: I shou'd think that Man ridiculous that wou'd keep open House for all Strollers, and yet is incapable of sharing the Diversion himself.

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himself. No, no, my Friend, grey Hairs and a bridal Bed are ridiculous Companions.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Sir, I ask'd your Advice as a Friend, and not to be affronted.

Os. And I gave it you as a Friend, Sir; I'm sure I design'd no Affront, *Sir Toby.*

Sir Toby. Sir, I say my Hair is not grey with Age; for I was as grey as I am now at twenty, and so was my Father before me.

Os. Nay, *Sir Toby*, that may be, I protest I did not think any harm when I spoke; you bid me speak my Mind freely, you know.

Sir Toby. I did so, but did not think you had been of this Opinion; for I can assure you I shall marry, and the very Woman I design, and I warrant she'll like me ne'er the worse for my grey Hairs, as you call 'em.

Os. Perhaps the Lady may suit your Years, *Sir Toby*; if so, you'll do well to marry.

Sir Toby. My Years ——— what do you mean, *Mr. Os.* I think any Lady suits my Years ——— The Lady I design to marry is about twenty, and I love her.

Os. You love her!

Sir Toby. And I have her Father's Consent.

Os. You have her Father's Consent!

Sir Toby. Yes; and the Match is concluded on, and is to be to Morrow.

Os. Nay then marry a God's Name; I shan't speak one word more.

Sir Toby. Why, wou'd you have me fancy my self old, Sir, so long as I have the Vigour of a Man of thirty: Don't I walk upright. [*Walks.*] Nay, can dance a Minuet with e'er a young Fellow of you all, la, la, la, lara, lera, la. [*Skips and dances.*] My Legs don't

don't fail me, thank God: I have no need of a Coach nor Chair to carry me to my Mistress. — And look you here, I have as good a Set of Teeth as e'er a Beau in Christendom. [*Shews his Teeth.*] I have a very good Appetite to, I can digest four Meals a Day, and am as sound as a Roach, Boy. Hem, hem, hem, [*Coughs.*] Ha! what say you to these Symptoms, Friend? Mayn't I venture to marry, think ye?

Ox. By all means, I was mistaken.

Sir Toby. Sometimes I am of another Mind; but when I think what a Pleasure it will be to possess a young beautiful Creature that will caress, and stroak, and fondle me when I am weary, and out of Humour.

Ox. That will cuckold you when she is in Humour. [*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. Besides, when I die the Name of the *Doubtfuls* is extinct in the Male Line; therefore I'm resolved to beget a Boy, that shall beget another Boy, and so bear up my Name to Posterity. Ah! what Pleasure it will be to see the little Creatures playing about ones Knees, and to hear one tell me the Boy has my Nose, another my Eyes, the third my Mouth, and Smile; ha, ha.

Ox. While the Mother smiles, to think you had the least hand in the getting it. [*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. And then when I come from Change, to have 'em run and meet me, and call Papa; 'tis surely the most agreeable Pleasure in the World, and I hope to get half a dozen of 'em e'er I die yet, Boy.

Ox. Father half a dozen, you mean, old Gentleman. [*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. What say'st thou then, ha — Boy?

Ox. Oh! Sir, I would counsel you to marry with all the haste you can.

Sir Toby. Good — you counsel me.

Ox. You

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Os. You can't do better.

Sir Toby. I'm overjoy'd to think that your Opinion jumps with mine. I ever took you to be a Man of Sense—— And you give me this Counsel out of pure Friendship?

Os. I do upon my Word; for when a Man refuses to follow my Counsel, I think the best thing I can do, is to advise him to follow his own. But pray, *Sir Toby*, who is this Lady?

Sir Toby. *Lucinda.*

Os. What the great Beauty?

Sir Toby. Yes, Sir.

Os. Daughter to Mr. *Selfwill.*

Sir Toby. The same.

Os. What do I hear?

[*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. What do you say?

Os. A very noble Match.

Sir Toby. Had I not Reason in my Choice?

Os. Oh! without doubt, —— But I'm mistaken if you have her, old Gentleman.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. Well, I invite you to the throwing of the Stocking, Mr. *Osorio.* Ha —— you'll wish your self in my place, Boy.

Os. I have a Friend will put you out of your place, perchance, if I come time enough to give him notice on't. [*Aside.*] I'll not fail; Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir Toby. Sir, your very humble Servant.

[*Exit Sir Toby.*]

Os. He to marry *Lucinda* to Morrow, and by her Father's Consent! Ah! poor *Bellmie*! But I must instantly go seek him, and let him know his Affairs are in an ill posture at present.

[*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Martin and his Wife.

Mart. I say I won't work to Day; and if I say I won't, I won't; and so you had as good hold your Tongue.

Wife. 'Tis very fine indeed, a Woman must not speak.

Mart. I say 'tis my Business to speak, and act too; pray who am I, am not I your Lord and Master?

Wife. And who am I, if you go to that? Am not I the Wife of your Bosom? What did I marry you for? to bear with all your mad Freaks? No, no, I'd have you to know, I shall make you turn over a new Leaf.

Mart. Oh! the Plague of an ill Wife, as *Aristotle* has well observ'd, when he says a bad Woman is worse than the Devil.

Wife. Pray observe this learned Man, with his musty Airs, that Man of Parts.

Mart. Yes, huzzy, I am a Man of Parts; shew me e'er a ——— in Town knows what I do; tho' I am forced to follow such a Mechanick Employment, I was brought up better. I lived six Years with Mr. *Bellman*, the most ingenious Gentleman about Town, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*: I read all his Books, and tho' I say it, had a very good smattering of Philosophy, which Science my Master was an Admirer of; and I say again, *Aristotle* condemn'd you.

Wife. The Man's mad.

Mart. The Woman's mad, I think, or she'd never cross such a Husband.

Wife. Curs'd

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Wife. Curs'd be the Hour I made you so, and doubly curs'd the Minute when I said yes. [*Cries.*

Mar. Curs'd be the ——— that made me sign my Ruin.

Wife. Your Ruin! you have ruin'd me indeed, and almost brought me upon the Parish; you have eat up all I brought, tho' 'twas more than e'er you cou'd have expected with a Wife.

Mart. That's a Lie, for I have drank the greatest part of it.

Wife. You have e'en stript me of the Bed I lay upon.

Mart. You'll rise the earlier.

Wife. Nay, you han't left so much as one Moveable in the whole House.

Mart. That's another Lie, for I have left your Tongue; and as for Goods, the fewer we have, the easier we shall remove.

Wife. And from Morning to Night do nothing but drink and play.

Mart. That's because I wou'd not wear my self out too soon with Labour; for Labour overcomes every thing, you know.

Wife. And what do you think I shall do, in the mean time, with my Family?

Mart. E'en what you please.

Wife. And, you Sot, must things always go thus?

Mar. Softly, good Wife, softly, if you please, good Words, I beseech you.

Wife. Must I eternally be plagued with your Debauchery and Laziness?

Mart. You know, Wife, I am sometimes cholerick, and given to Passion, and have a pair of very good Fists.

Wife. I scorn your Threats.

Love's Contrivance, or,

Mart. My good Wife, your Hide itches for a Dressing.

Wife. I'd have you to know I don't fear that.

[Stripping her Fingers.]

Mart. Thou dear half of me, thou hast a mind to have something at my Hands.

Wife. Do you think to fright me with your Words?

Mart. Sweet Object of my Eyes, I shall warm your Checks.

Wife. You Sot, who are you?

Mart. I shall beat you.

Wife. Drunkard.

Mart. Don't provoke me.

Wife. Infamous Fellow.

Mart. I shall curry your Jacket.

Wife. You curry my Jacket; Traytor, Cheat, Coward, Rascal, Thief, Knave, Varlet, Informer.

Mart. Nay then ——— *[Beats her.]*

Wife. Ah! Murther, Murther, ah! ———

Enter Octavio with his Sword, and slaps Martin o'er the Shoulders.

Oct. How now! what Insolence is this? Are you not ashamed to beat a Woman? ha!

Wife. May be I have a mind to be beaten, what's that to you? *[Coming up to him.]*

Oct. Nay, if you have a Mind to it, with all my Heart. *[Putting up his Sword.]*

Wife. Pray why do you trouble your self?

Oct. Good Woman, be patient, I have done.

Wife. Is it your Business?

Oct. No, truly.

Wife. Go, you are an impertinent Fellow.

Oct. I

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Os. I shall not speak one Word more, but heartily wish he had drub'd her ten times as much. [*Aside.*

Wife. Suppose I am pleas'd he shou'd beat me, I say, what's that to you?

Os. [*Nods only.*]

Wife. You are a Fool to trouble your self with other Folks Business.

Os. [*Nods again, then turns to Martin.*] Friend, I am sorry I disturb'd your Diversion, but hope you know how to begin again.

Mart. May be I do, may be I do not, what's that to you, whether I do or no?

Os. That's true, as you say, neither do I care.

Mart. If I have a mind to beat her, I will beat her, and if I have not a mind, I won't.

Os. With all my Heart.

Mart. She's my Wife, not yours.

Os. Thank Heaven.

Mart. You have nothing to do with me, nor do I want your help.

Os. Nor shall I trouble my self to give it you.
Ha!

Enter Bellmie.

Bellmie. Luckily met, I was just going to your Lodgings; but hearing the Cry of Murder here, put a stop to my haste.

Mart. No body desired your stay, Sir; you might have march'd as soon as you came for that Matter.

Bellm. Prithee what's the matter with the Fellow?

Os. Why when I came I found 'em fighting, the Woman cry'd out Murder; but I no sooner took her part, but they both fell upon me Pelmeil, and have rung

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ring such a Peal in my Ears, I shan't have the right Use of them this Month.

Bellm. Sure I shou'd know that Face — D'ye hear, Friend, is not your Name *Martin*?

Mart. Master *Bellmie*!

Bellm. Where have you led your Life, *Sirrah*?

Mart. Why truly, Master, I can't tell.

Wife. But I know who can, — e'en from one Ale-house to another, *Sir*.

Mart. Your Tongue won't lie still. [*Aside to her.*

Bellm. I told you what your Drunkennells wou'd bring you to, but you ne'er believ'd me; here, there's a Guinea for you, be Friends with your Wife, d'ye hear?

Mart. Ah! *Sir*, we never bear Malice, as you shall see, *Sir*; — Wife, come and kiss me, Wife.

Wife. I kiss you! I'll see you hang'd first; d'ye think I'll be us'd at this rate.

Mart. Look'e Wife, I love you the better for beating you, faith 'tis all out of pure Love, 'tis indeed Wife; and such little Quarrels as these do but cement the Passion of Love: Faith, Wife, if I did not beat thee, I shou'd cuckold thee.

Wife. Say you so, — nay, if I thought that — [*Aside.* You shou'd beat me as oft as you please.

[*Runs to him and kisses him.*

Mart. Faith and troth 'tis true.

Bellm. Why now 'tis as it shou'd be. — D'ye hear, *Sirrah*, come to my Lodgings at the Golden Ball at the end of the Street, perhaps I may have occasion to use you, you used to be a lucky Rogue upon a Pinch.

Mart. Ay, Master, and I have not forgot it yet.

Bellm. [*To Octavio.*] I'm now at Leisure to hear your Story, but I think my Lodging the most proper place. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Hark'e

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Wife. Hark'e, Husband, where are you a going?

Mart. To the Ale-house to drink my Master's Health.

Wife. And spend all the Money, ha!

Mart. Why what if I do? ha! it was given to me.

Wife. Given to you! I'm sure my Bones have paid for it.

Mart. But it was my Friend gave the Money tho'.

Wife. But if I had not cry'd out, your Friend might not have come this way tho'.

Mart. That's right — well Wife, I won't stand with you for little Matters, you shall beat me now, and I'll cry out, if you think that will get you a Guinea; if not, if you'll come to the Ale-house, I'll make you drunk; and so good b'w'ye.

Wife. And am I always to be used thus? — well, if I am not reveng'd, I am no Woman. [Exit.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE Bellmie's Lodgings.

Enter Bellmie and Octavio.

Bellm. **T**O be married to Morrow, say you? — impossible.

Oct. So he told me, and there is nothing impossible that has any relation to Falshood; especially where a Woman is concern'd.

Bellm. Falshood! by Heav'n I'm certain she never gave Consent, 'tis her Father's Doings all; for as I told you, he forbid me his House two Days ago, upon what Grounds I know not, but I suspected his Treachery.

Oct. After countenancing your Pretensions, what Excuse cou'd he have for altering his Mind?

Bellm. Why a very lame one; he said he had consider'd better, and did not think me a proper Match for his Daughter; telling me he shou'd be very glad to see me any where but at his own House, and so left me. I have ever since been so perplex'd to know the Cause, I scarce have suffer'd Sleep to close my Eyes: I have endeavour'd all means possible to see *Lucinda*, but in vain.

Oct. Write to her.

Bellm. Ha! a lucky Thought comes into my Head; I'll to *Martin*, he us'd to be the wittiest Rogue at these Contrivances living; I'll be with you again presently. [*Exit.*]

Oct. This 'tis to be an honourable Lover now, leave a Friend for a Mistress — Well, but let me see, what shall

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Shall I do here alone? ha! — What Books are these?
[Turns over two or three Books.]

Enter Belliza, and slaps him on the Back with her Fan

Bell. What! studying *Bellmie*? — Oh Lord! — I beg your pardon, Sir; I am mistaken, I find.

Off. Only in the Name, Madam, for I am a Man, and at your Service. A charming Woman this—who the Devil is she? [Aside.]

Bell. This is Mr. *Bellmie*'s Lodging, is it not, Sir?

Off. It is, Madam.

Bell. Is he within, pray.

Off. I expect him every Minute, Madam, — but can no body do your Business but Mr. *Bellmie*, Child?

Bell. Not at present, Sir. — A genteel handsome Fellow this, — who is he, I wonder? I don't remember ever to have seen him before. [Aside.]

Off. My Friend's a happy Man, Madam, to have pretty Ladies visit him alone.

Bell. You seldom think Happiness depends upon our Sex.

Off. He that does I am sure is a Fool. [Aside.] No, Madam! why you are the only Blessings of our Lives; are not all our Troubles, Cares, and Toils softned by the endearing Embraces of a Woman? Have they not Power to smoothe the roughest of our Tempers, and make us calmly sink into their Bosoms? In short, Madam, Women rule as they please.

Bell. But like true Englishmen, you are never pleas'd long with one Government.

Off. Not if they affect arbitrary Sway; Liberty of Conscience, you know, Madam.

Bell. Ay, and Men's Consciences are very large.

Off. And Women have no Conscience at all.

D

Bell. You

Bell. You are very free, methinks.

Oñ. You are very handsome, faith.

Bell. I'll not believe you think so.

Oñ. Egad, Madam, stay but till my Friend comes, and he shall vouch for me.

Bell. Is *Bellmie* your Friend, Sir?

Oñ. I think so, Madam ——— I'm sure we have fought for each other, been drunk, whor'd and slept together, which are the common Symptoms of Friendship. ——— Thus far your Query is answer'd.

Bell. Very virtuous Symptoms truly, and concisely express'd. Well, Sir, and I may presume you partake of his Secrets to; for that is one part of Friendship, as I take it.

Oñ. So — now has she a mind to discover something; poor Rogue, he has us'd her unkindly, I warrant. [*Aside.* Yes, faith, Madam, I think we are pretty free in those Matters; I don't believe he has any Secrets but what I know ——— except his Intrigue with you, which I cou'd find in my Heart to cuckold him for, for concealing it from me. [*Aside.*

Bell. Pray, Sir, tell me, I hear he is mightily in Love with one *Lucinda* ——— will he marry her, think you?

Oñ. Ha! She's jealous, I must not discover the Truth, lest the Consequence be prejudicial to my Friend. [*Aside.*] I know there was some such talk once, Madam, but to my certain Knowledge it was never design'd by him.

Bell. How! never design'd by him! you mistake sure?

Oñ. Not at all, I won't say he did not like her, because I believe he wou'd have done her the Favour, but she wou'd not consent upon any Terms; but that ever he had any Design of marrying her, I absolutely deny.

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deny. ——— I hope she'll believe me. [*Aside.*]

Bell. Impossible! ——— yet it may be true, for the Earth produces not more Variety of Colours, than the Breast of Man Tricks to deceive: I am glad I know this, that *Lucinda* may not deceive her self with vain Hopes. [*Aside.*] And are you certain of this, Sir?

Oſ. As certain as that I live, Child; and as a Proof of what I say, she's to be married to Morrow to *Sir Toby Doubtful*, and *Bellmie* designs to meet them at the Church-door with Musick, to congratulate her Marriage.

Bell. A generous Rival truly.

Oſ. Ah! Madam, he's the most generous Man in the World; his Mistress, and his Pocket, are still at his Friend's Service.

Bell. Let his Friends share his Mistress! I'm afraid if his Friends applaud his Generosity, they condemn his Sense.

Oſ. Quite to the contrary, Madam, they admire his Morals; he's a well Wisher to his Country, and knows that the engrossing of any Commodity ruins Trade.

Bell. And is this his private Opinion, say you?

Oſ. Directly ——— Ay, 'tis so, this is some Woman he keeps; and poor Soul, she's afraid when he has bought a Seat of his own, he'll not continue the Lease of her frail Tenement. [*Aside.*] But prithee, Child, why are you so inquisitive?

Bell. I had some Reasons, Sir, but my Scruples are much clearer, by the Discovery you have made, for I depend upon what you say for Truth.

Oſ. That you may in every thing, Madam, as certainly as that I envy my Friend the Share he holds in your Esteem: He's my Friend, 'tis true, and as such, I ought to have conceal'd his Failing ——— But Beauty,

bewitching Beauty, has Power at any time to unlock the Closet of my Breast; your Charms are irresistibly engaging; hi, ho. [*Sighs.*] Faith, Madam, I'm in Love. [*Looking languishingly.*]

Bell. For how long, pray Sir?

Oz. Faith, Madam, that I can't tell; but if it holds on as it begins, I believe to my Life's end.

Bell. And how many Friends have you to go share, pray?

Oz. Faith, Madam, none at all. I fancy I should play the Monopolist, were you once at my Disposal.

Bell. But that would be a Ruin to Trade; you know; you'd be reckon'd an Enemy to your Country.

Oz. Od so, that's true, as you say; but no matter, I am no Member of Parliament, I have no Body's Affairs but my own upon my Hands.

Bell. So consequently fear no Petitions.

Oz. No, faith, Madam, I fear nothing but your Eyes.

Bell. I can assure you there is no Malignity in 'em; you'll be never the worse for looking at 'em.

Oz. I positively deny that; for I find I am strangely disorder'd, and nothing but the knowing of your Name, and Lodgings, and Leave to wait on you, can prolong my Life a Moment.

Bell. O Lord! if you are so near Death, I'll be gone, lest I am indited for your Murther; you'd do well to pray, Sir, shall I send a Parson to you, ha, ha, ha,

[*Laughs.*]

Oz. No, you dear charming Devil you. [*Catching her.*] I can offer up my Devotions at no Altar but yours, you must not leave me, by Heaven, you shall not, till I know your Name.

Bell. Well,

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Bell. Well, that you may'nt be forsworn, my Name is *Belliza*.

Oſ. Your Lodging too. —

Bell. I muſt know you better firſt.

Oſ. Why, 'tis in order to be better acquainted I ask it, Child; come, dear, dear, Madam, don't torture me with Expectation, I won't tell *Bellmie*, faith.

Bell. Then you'll not know, Sir, and ſo adieu. [*Exit*]

Oſ. So, ſhe's gone — did ever any body know ſo croſs a Jade; now has ſhe an itching to perſue the Cuſtom of her Sex, to be talk'd of, and enquir'd after; a Pox, I have a good mind not to ask *Bellmie* about her, and yet I don't know what's the matter with me, I have a diveliſh mind to a Night's Lodging with her; but then ſhe's my Friend's Miſtreſs, why, what then, ſhe's not his Wife — Egad, I am reſolved to ſound his Inclination, he can't be in Love in two Places at once, I am certain he is really ſo with *Lucinda* — Ay, but that's honourable Love, he may keep a Miſtreſs for all that — but perhaps he may be weary of her, and glad to conſign her over to me; Beauty's a falling Commodity, yet if the Perquiſites ben't damaged, I'll accept 'em: So upon mature Conſideration, I'll ask him who ſhe is — ho, here he comes

Enter Bellmie.

Bellm. I was afraid I had tired your Patience, did you not think me long?

Oſ. No, faith, I have been very well diverted in your Abſence.

Bellm. With what, prithee?

Oſ. Why with the beſt Diverſion in the World, a pretty Woman.

Bellm. A Woman!

Oſ. Yes,

Oñ. Yes, faith, so she seem'd; I wish I could give you a more evident Proof of it; for she's very handsome.

Bellm. How came she here?

Oñ. Upon her Legs, I presume.

Bellm. But upon what Business?

Oñ. The main Business, I suppose, Love, Love, Friend; she wanted you, *Bellmie*; and I can assure you I have done you no inconsiderable Piece of Service, if you knew all.

Bellm. Prithee, what is't?

Oñ. Nay, hold there, like a politick Warriour, while the Power's in my own Hands, I'll make my own Conditions; if I tell you one thing, you must grant me another.

Bellm. You know you may command any thing that is in my Power; prithee what is't?

Oñ. A very inconsiderable thing to a Man in your Circumstances, only a Night's Lodging with your Mistress, that's all.

Bellm. What mean you, *Oñavio*?

Oñ. Why here has been a very pretty Lady to see you, and by all Appearance she's a Mistress of yours, tho' you was never so honest as to tell your Friend your Happiness; faith *Bellmie*, 'twas not like a Friend to conceal an Intrigue of this nature; what! keep a Mistress and let no body know it! I'm sure I never serv'd you so.

Bellm. What! do you mean to banter me? — I keep a Mistress!

Oñ. Yes, yes, don't deny it with that grave Face, that philosophical Air won't do, Man, her Jealousie discover'd all; she wou'd fain have pump'd me out of something about *Lucinda*, whether you loved her or not, or did design to marry her — but thanks to this

this projecting Brain of mine, that furnish'd me with Lies quick as my Tongue cou'd utter 'em, she remains in Ignorance; I told her you design'd no such thing.

Bellm. How! ods life, do you know what you have done? This must be some body from *Lucinda*. I have no Mistress, nor do I know any Woman breathing so intimately as to expect a Visit from her, except my Relations, who are all known to you, therefore it must be from her.

Oſ. Ay, ay, don't think I'll let that pass upon me, I expect for the Service I have done you to know where the Lady lives; yet faith and troth, *Bellmie*, if you will really confess you love her, the Devil take me if I attempt making you a Cuckold, tho' I have, by the way, a violent Inclination; but Friendship has always had the Ascendant over my Desires yet.

Bell. I tell you, *Oſavio*, what I have said is true, upon my Honour it is; and farther, I here promise to renounce all Claim whatsoever to the whole Sex, except *Lucinda*; will that satisfy you?

Oſ. I take you at your Word, the Lady told me her Name was *Belliza*, — What say you now, Friend? ha! — How beats your Heart? ha! ha!

Bellm. As I suspected, 'tis *Lucinda's* Cousin, you have ruin'd me.

Oſ. Ha! how! what's that? *Lucinda's* Cousin!

Bellm. Ay, positively: Oh! unfortunate Man that I am, to miss the luckiest Minute Fate had in store for me.

[*Raves.*]

Oſ. What then! is my charming delicious Harlot dwindled into a virtuous Woman at last? a Pox of all Minutes, I say, since there's none lucky to me — Prith, *Bellmie*, forgive me, for faith I design'd well: — But who the Devil can divine; for my part I was
never

never more mistaken in all my Life, the Devil take me if I could see honest Woman writ in her Forehead; but hark'e, if you'll tell me where the Lady lives, I'll go and unsay all I have said.

Bellm. 'Twill be to no purpose; did she leave no Message?

Oſ. None at all.

Bell. Were you not my Friend, *Oſavio*, I could not forgive what you have done; for ought I know I have lost *Lucinda*, 'tis owing to your Conduct.

Oſ. Pox on't, I was ne'er more vext in my Life; prithee what's to be done? what says *Martin*?

Bellm. I know not what's to be done now, — he has promis'd to deliver me a Letter, if possible; all I can do is patiently to expect the Event: prithee do you go find out Sir *Toby*, and try what Discovery you can make; but be sure you don't let him know that you are acquainted with me, perhaps he may introduce you as a Friend of his, and so you may speak to *Lucinda* or her Cousin; which if you do, remember what you owe your Friend: But be sure you make particular Enquiry about the time, for I am resolv'd he shall not marry her whilst I can hold this — [Points to his Sword.

Oſ. I'll do't — when I parted with him he told me he was going thither; egad I'll impudently go and ask for him.

Bellm. But what Pretence can you have?

Oſ. Oh! let me alone for that, I never want Pretence, when I can either serve my Friend, or see a pretty Woman; and egad this *Belliza* runs plaguily in my Head.

Bellm. I hope you are caught, *Oſavio*, I shou'd be glad to see you quit this roving Temper, and think of living honestly, and marry.

Oſ. That's

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Oſ. That's as much as to ſay, you'd be glad to ſee me hand-cuff'd and fetter'd, juſt ready to be ſhipp'd for a *Virginia Slave*; thank you heartily, *Bellmie*, you wiſh your Friends very well.

Bellm. Only as well as I do my ſelf; come, come, I hope to ſee you of another mind, and I can aſſure you, nothing wou'd be to me more welcome, next the enjoying my *Lucinda*, than your Company at Church upon the ſame Deſign.

Oſ. Why this 'tis now; on my Conſcience ſome Men love their Friends ſo well, that if they were to be hang'd themſelves, rather than part from them, they'd wiſh them hang'd for Company. Ha, ha.

Bellm. You are of a happy Temper, always gay.

Oſ. And whiſt I enjoy my dear, dear Liberty, I ſhall always be ſo. Adieu. *[Exeunt ſeverally.]*

The End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE Selfwill's House.

*Enter Lucinda and Belliza.**Luc.* False! impossible!*Bell.* He's a Man, Cousin, pray consider that.*Luc.* He's a Man, but not like common Men; I never found him false even in the smallest Matter, nor will I believe it now: No, his Friend belies him, or ———*Bell.* Or I belie the Friend, ha! I wish you find it so. [*Snappishly.*] His Friend belies him! — Methinks now cou'd I quarrel with her for her slight Opinion of his Friend; and yet I don't know what's the matter neither, but methinks I have a very great Respect for his Friend. [*Aside.*]*Luc.* What makes you so angry, Cousin?*Bell.* What makes you so incredulous?*Luc.* Love; now if you give the same Reason, I have done.*Bell.* On my Conscience I shall let the World know I like this Fellow before I know it my self. [*Aside.*] No, truly, Cousin, I can't be so complaisant; but I am concern'd, methinks, that you shou'd say his Friend belies him; for truly I think I never saw a prettier Gentleman in my Life, or one that look'd more like a Man of Honour, and I dare say he is so.*Luc.* But he's a Man, Cousin, pray consider that.*Bell.* And must he needs be false, because he's a Man?*Luc.* Your

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Luc. Your own Argument, Cousin.

Bell. Dewce on't, I shall discover my self. [*Aside.*
That's true too; well, perhaps he did belie him—tho'
I dare swear he did not. [*Aside.*

Luc. Yet may be he did not; for what should be the reason of his Absence these two Days? If I was certain on't, he shou'd not be before-hand with me, at least in the Opinion of the World; I'd marry this old Fellow, tho' I hate him; but that wou'd be to be reveng'd on my self, he wou'd be pleas'd at my Misfortune; therefore I'm resolv'd if he's false never to marry.

Bell. Have a care, Cousin, make no Resolutions; for here comes one will endeavour to break them.

Enter Selfwill and Sir Toby Doubtful.

Self. How now! what, in Tears, you stubborn Baggage you? Be pleasant you had best, and entertain Sir Toby, as you ought to do, a Man that to Morrow must command you.

Bell. Then if he don't rule till to Morrow, she may rule to Day, may she not?

Self. Ay, 'tis your Sex's Privilege before Marriage.

Bell. Is it so? Why then if I was in her place, I wou'd command Sir Toby never to see my Face again.

Self. How how huzzy. [*Holds up his Can.*] 'Tis from your Counsel proceeds her Disobedience; but I'll part you, I'll warrant you.

Sir Toby. Ladies your humble Servant; Madam, I am extremely troubled that you are indisposed, but I hope 'twill off again.

Self. Ay, ay, Sir Toby, they are only Maiden's Tears; tho' their Hearts leap for Joy, yet they'd think it an unpardonable Fault, if they did not weep

for four or five Days before they were married.

Sir Toby. Nay, if that be all, I'm satisfy'd; I can assure you, Mr. *Selfwill*, she shall have no occasion to weep after Marriage, and that's the best, I take it—To Morrow, Madam, your Father has appointed to make me happy: I hope you have no Objection to the Day. [To Lucinda.]

Luc. To Morrow! Oh Heavens! what shall I say to prevent this curst Marriage? [Aside.]

Self. No, no, *Sir Toby*, she has no disliking to the Day; why don't you speak, you stubborn Baggage you, ha! speak, and to the purpose to, you had best.

Bell. To the purpose do you say, Uncle? then—

Self. Hold your Tongue, you slut you, hold your Tongue.

Martin without. Four a penny *China* Oranges, four a penny.

Self. You won't speak then?

Luc. What shou'd I say, Sir? you may force me to what you please, but my Heart will not let my Tongue speak ought to please you in this Affair; therefore I think 'tis better not to speak at all.

Self. Say you so, Mistress, but your Tongue shall pronounce some few Words to Morrow, Gentlewoman, that will please me; to Love, Cherish, and Obey, d'ye hear that?

Martin. Four a penny *China* Oranges, four a penny.

Sir Toby. Four a Penny, that's cheap, call in that Fellow.

Self. Hang 'em, *Sir Toby*, they are too cheap to be good.

Sir Toby. We'll see 'em.

Enter Martin with Oranges.

Sir Toby. Hark ye, Friend, are your Oranges good?

Mart. As

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Mart. As good as any's in *England*, Master; cut one, Sir, if you please; if you don't like it, you shan't pay for it.

Sir Toby. Thou speakest like an honest Fellow, I'll try a penny-worth of 'em. *[He chuses 'em.]*

Mart. This Lady shall judge. *[Taking out his Knife, and making as if he cut an Orange, then offers it to Lucinda.]* Pray taste this Orange, Madam.

Luc. Don't trouble me with you Oranges. *[Strikes it down, and discovers a Letter that was conceal'd in it.]* I don't care whether they are good or bad.

Mart. Ah, Madam! *[Endeavouring to take up the Letter, but is prevented by Selfwill.]*

Self. What's this? a Letter in an Orange? — This is a new way of pimping. *[Looking upon it.]*

Sir Toby. Ha! how's that! a Letter in an Orange, Mr. *Selfwill*? Bless me, that must be Conjuratation.

Luc. A Letter! Oh unfortunate! it must be from *Bellmie*; and if I am not mistaken, this Fellow serv'd him once.

Bell. See what comes of Impatience now; had you had Philosophy enough to have born all your Ills patiently, you had perhaps found a Cure for them in this Orange.

Mart. 'Tis my best way to steal out, e'er he has done reading, or perhaps I shall be shew'd the next way to the Horse Pond. *[Exit Martin.]*

Self. What! is the Dog gone? If I catch him with his four a penny Oranges again, I'll make an Italian Singer of him. Lord! Lord! what will the World come to.

Sir Toby. Truly I shou'd never have suspected this Fellow for a Bawd, pray let me see the Letter, Mr. *Selfwill*. *[Puts on his Spectacles and reads.]*

Tis

TIS impossible to express what I have suffer'd since your Father forbid me his House, not being able to let you know I die if you e'er consent to his unjust Proposals; therefore if you still love me, as once I flatter'd my self you did, be ready at your Window this Night at twelve, and I'll bring you a Conveyance shall safely help you to the Arms of

Your faithful

Bellmie.

Self. There's a piece of Treachery for you, Sir *Toby*.
Sir Toby. Treachery indeed, and I'll instantly go tell Mr. *Bellmie* he's a Rascal.

Self. No, you shall first prevent his Designs, then let him do his worst, you shall be married presently.—Here *Robin*, go tell Mr. *Tickletext* the Parson, I wou'd speak with him immediately.

Luc. The Parson, Sir!

Self. Yes, forsooth, the Parson. I'll prevent your running away with *Bellmie*.

Luc. Running away with *Bellmie*, Sir!

Self. Ay, running away with *Bellmie*; what a Pox do ye echo me for? ha! If you are so fond of speaking after one, I hope the sight of the Parson won't displease you.

Luc. But I'll ne'er say after him with any in this Company, I'll assure you. *[Aside.]*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir *Toby*, here's a Gentleman inquires for you, he says his Name is *Octavio*.

Sir Toby. Ods

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Sir Toby. Ods fo, a very honest Gentleman.

Self. Desire him to walk up, if he's your Friend, he's welcome.

Sir Toby. His Father was my particular Friend.

Enter Octavio.

Sir Toby. Mr. *Octavio*, I'm your most humble Servant.

Oct. *Sir Toby*, I'm your humble Servant. [*To Self-will.*] Sir, your Servant.

Self. Sir, you are welcome.

Oct. Pray, *Sir Toby*, which is the Lady is to make you happy.

Bell. As I live, *Bellmie's* Friend — Hi, ho! — — — bless me, what ails my Heart? [*Aside.*]

Luc. *Octavio* here! [*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. This is she, Mr. *Octavio*; and you come opportunely to give her to me, for the Parson is just coming.

Oct. Heaven forbid. [*Aside.*] Say you so, *Sir Toby* — Madam your humble Servant. [*Saluting her.*] By Heaven, Madam, *Bellmie* will break his Heart. [*Aside to her.*] [*Goes to Belliza and salutes her.*] Faith, Madam, I ly'd in every Syllable I said to you at *Bellmie's* Chamber, except when I told you I lov'd you. [*Aside to her.*]

Bell. I wish that be not the greatest. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Poor *Bellmie*! which way shall I prevent both our Misfortunes: I have it. [*Aside.*] Oh! Oh!

[*She counterfeits a Fit.*]

Oct. Oh Heavens! look to the Lady.

Sir Toby. Good lack-a-day, what's the matter? Is she subject to these Fits, Mr. *Selfwill*?

Self. Truly, I never knew her have but one; and that was at the Sight of a Cat. — — — Poor Girl.

Bell. A

Bell. A lucky hint, I'll take it. [*Aside.*] And that is the reason now, for I saw a Cat at that Door this Minute, — 'Tis rather to avoid the old Cats catching her, by the by tho'. [*Aside.*]

Self. She's a coming to her self; *Lucinda*, speak to me, Child, how dost thou do?

Luc. Oh! Oh! — Oh!

Off. How do you do, Madam?

Luc. [*Shakes her Head, but answers no body.*]

Sir Toby. How does my Chicken? ha!

Luc. [*Shakes her Head again.*]

Bell. Speak to us, Cousin, how do you do? Oh! dear Uncle, I fear she can't speak.

Self. Not speak! I'd rather she shou'd lose all the rest of her Senses. Speak to me, Child.

Luc. [*Shakes her Head, and points to her Mouth.*]

Sir Toby. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! dumb, why she can't say after the Parson; why what an inundation of Mischiefs here?

Enter Mr. Tickletext.

Tickle. What's the matter, Mr. *Selfwill*, is not your Daughter well?

Self. Not very well, Mr. *Tickletext*, she has an Antipathy against a Cat, and it seems one look'd into the Room just now and made her faint away.

Tickle. Why truly one may observe a great deal from Sympathy and Antipathy; but pray what did you send for me for, Mr. *Selfwill*?

Off. Only to say Grace, that the Lady and *Sir Toby* might fall to; but you have staid so long, Mr. Parson, that the Lady's Stomach is gone.

Sir Toby. You are very satirical upon your Friends, Mr. *Offawie*; but I hope her Stomach will come again, as you call it tho'. *Self.* Or

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Self. Or I'll make her eat against Stomach, I can tell her that.

Bell. Ay, but Uncle that seldom digests well, and what don't digest well throws the Body into a Fever.

Self. Does it so, Mrs. Quack, — Do ye hear, I suspect a Trick. *[Aside to Belliza.*

Tickle. If the Lady be not well you had best defer it till to Morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Self. No, Sir, there's a Necessity of having it done to Night.

Bell. What, tho' my Cousin can't speak Uncle?

Self. Hold your Tongue, you Jade you; if she can't speak she shall make Signs.

Tickle. What! can't the Lady speak? Nay, then I'll have no hand in the Business; I do not think I can justify it, when I don't know if the Parties are willing.

Self. The Parties are willing. — Sir *Toby*, are you not willing to marry my Daughter?

Sir Toby. 'Tis what I design.

Self. And is she not my Child, have not I a right to dispose of her as I please? — I say she shall have him; and if she can't speak, I'll answer for her my self.

Tickle. Truly, Mr. *Selfwill*, I must beg your Pardon, I'll not do it.

Self. Then, Sir, *[Taking off his Hat.]* you may let it alone, I'll have those that will; and, Sir, if you won't do my Business, I have no Business with you, there lies the Door. — The Obstinacy of Women and Priests wou'd confound the Patience of any Man.

Tickle. With all my Heart, Gentlemen your Servant. *[Exit.]*

Bell. Lord, Lord, Uncle, why should you affront the Gentleman, because he has more Conscience than you?

Self. Huzzy, hold your Tongue. *[Holds up his Cane.]* Was ever Man thus plagued?

F

Sir Toby. Truly,

Sir Toby. Truly, Mr. *Selfwill*, I think 'tis better to defer it till to Morrow, as Mr. *Tickletext* says.

Self. But do you think what may be the Consequences of it, *Sir Toby*?

Sir Toby. That's true, but no matter, I'll fit up with her, and then let him come if he dares, — How do you, my dear? *[They stand about Lucinda.]*

Os. Madam, shall I never see you at *Bellmie's* Lodgings again? *[Aside to Belliza.]*

Bell. I believe not, Sir.

Os. Why then I know what I know.

Bell. Pray what's that, Sir?

Os. You'll see me very often at yours, that's all; for I find by the beating of my Pulse, the motion of my Brain, and the heaving of my Heart, I am very far gone in that dangerous Distemper call'd Love, and you are the only Physician can save my Life.

Bell. You had best not trust to my Skill, for I am but a Quack, as my Uncle says; but I suppose your Condition is not desperate.

Os. I shan't die this Minute, Madam, I hope Heaven will let me serve my Friend e'er I make my Exit, and then the Parson shall truss me up as soon as you please: I must straight to *Bellmie*; and let him know how Affairs stand, I hope *Lucinda* does but counterfeit this Silence.

Bell. I hope so too; I believe 'tis in *Bellmie's* Power to make her speak again; hush, we are observed.

Sir Toby. Ah! Mr. *Osavio*, you know a pretty Woman, I find.

Os. Ay, I thank Heaven, I have all my Senses, *Sir Toby*, and he that has, must own this Lady claims that Title; but how does your Mistress, *Sir Toby*?

Sir Toby. Faith, dumb, dumb still, I would give five hundred Pounds that she cou'd speak.

Self. And I five hundred more.

Os. You

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Os. You had best put it in the Courant, by that means you'll have the Assistance of the most able Men in the Kingdom.

Self. I'll do it this Minute. — Here carry her to her Chamber : Sir, I am your humble Servant.

Os. Sir, your humble Servant ; Sir *Toby* I am yours, I hope the Lady will recover. [*Exeunt severally.*]

The S C E N E changes to the Street.

Enter Martin's Wife.

Wife. Which way shall I be reveng'd on my Husband, a Woman always has it in her Power to be reveng'd one way ; but I wou'd pay him in his own Coin.

Enter one of Selfwill's Footmen going to the Printer's.

Servant. Pray, good Woman, whereabouts lives the Printer that prints the Courant.

Wife. At the Post-house at *Temple-Bar* ; pray, Sir, what News are you going to put in the Courant, any Robberies or Murthers committed ?

Serv. No, good Woman, I am going to put a Reward of five hundred Pounds, for any Man that can restore my young Mistress to her Speech again.

Wife. A good hint. [*Aside.*] — Pray, Sir, who do you belong to ?

Serv. Mr. *Selfwill*.

Wife. Good lack-a-day, is his Daughter taken Dumb, do you say ?

Serv. 'Tis too true indeed.

Wife. I know a Man can cure her if he will, but you'll have much ado to persuade him to it ; he has prodigious Skill, and to my Knowledge has done won-

derful Cures, even to raising the Dead; but there is but one way to make him own his Knowledge, for to look at him you would not think he knew a Pig from a Dog, as we may say.

Serv. Say you so; what is he, pray?

Wife. Nay, but a poor Man neither, he's a Faggot-maker, but a seventh Son, and as I tell you, he can do it if he will.

Serv. Why sure five hundred Pounds will tempt him then.

Wife. No, nothing will tempt him, for he never takes any Money for what he does; but I can tell you how you shall make him own himself a Doctor.

Serv. How is it pray? — Egad I shall be a rich Man, for I'll keep the Money to my self. [*Aside.*]

Wife. Why you must beat him soundly, or he'll not own any thing of the matter; try first with good Words, but I know that will be to no purpose; but you may try however, you'll find him in the Wood-Yard binding of Faggots. I'd advise you to make what haste you can, for I can assure you he is a Man of wondrous Skill, but be sure don't spare his Bones till he confesses it.

Serv. I'll warrant you I'll make him confess it, with a Devil to him, if beating will do it. [*Exit.*]

Wife. So now shall I have sufficient Revenge;

The old Law says give Eye for Eye,

And Tooth for Tooth restore;

Then beat him well for beating me,

And I desire no more.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Woodyard, Martin singing,
binding of Faggots, with his Bag and Bottle
by him.*

Enter two Servants.

1st Serv. This must be he.

2d Serv. He looks more like a Gold-finder than a
Doctor: — Come let's speak to him.

1st Serv. Speed your Work, honest Man.

Mart. Thank you, thank
ye, Friend. *[Sings on.]*

*Martin seeing them come near
him, removes his Bag and Bottle on
to other side.*

2d Serv. We are come up-
on earnest Business to you, Sir.

*They go on the other side, he
moves his Bag and Bottle again.*

Mart. I don't like your
Business, you look as if you
were sharp set. *[Aside.]*

*One goes on one side, and the
tother on the other; he moves his
Bag and Bottle between his Legs.*

From who, pray?

1st Serv. From Mr. Selfwill.

Mart. Ha, about Faggots, I suppose; I promise you
there is not better in *England*, than what I sell.

2d Serv. No, Sir, he has heard of your wondrous
Skill.

Mart. Ay, Master, I defie any Man in *England* to
make better.

2d Serv. He has heard, I say —

Mart. Ay, Master, he has heard, I suppose, that
mine are two Shillings better in a hundred, than any
he can buy.

2d Serv. That you have great Skill —

Mart. In

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Mart. In Faggot-making; why truly not to praise my self too much, I'll bind a Faggot with any Man in the Queen's Dominions, be he what he will.

2d Serv. In Phyfick, Sir.

Mart. Ha! what a Pox does he mean? — Egad I'll not understand him. *[Aside.*

1st Serv. And desires you'd let him have —

Mart. Them as cheap as I can — that I will I promise you.

1st Serv. Give him your best —

Mart. That I will too, Master: — But then he must give the best Price: Here's a Faggot now, do ye see, a hundred of them Faggots are twelve Shillings, and I'll sell him a hundred of these for ten; now perhaps you may like these as well as them, but there's a great deal of Difference.

1st Serv. Zounds, will you hear what we have to say to you?

Mart. Ay, Master, give me leave to deal honestly with you, I don't sell for once, but hope to keep your Custom; do ye see, Master, there's great Difference between dry Wood and fallow Wood.

1st Serv. My Master desires you to come along with us —

Mart. I can't tell how to spare so much time, Master, except you are certain he will give me my Price; for I won't abate a Farthing of what I told you, take them or leave them. *[Sits down again and sings.*

2d Serv. This is the Devil of a Doctor, — Sir, I say we don't come about —

Mart. I have set you the last Price, Masters, I'll promise you.

2d Serv. I say —

Mart. Ay, say what you please, Master, but I can't abate a Penny.

1st Serv. We

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1st Serv. We don't come about Faggots, my Master's Daughter is stricken dumb, and he is inform'd you have very great Skill in physical Operations, therefore he has sent for you, and if you can restore her to her Speech, he'll give you five hundred Pounds.

Mart. Ha! I smell a Rat, they want to have me in their Clutches to reward me for my Oranges; but I shall fail them. *[Aside.]*

2d Serv. What say you, Sir?

Mart. Alas! Master, I don't know what to say, you are pleas'd to be merry, I find, I a Doctor! ha, ha, ha.

1st Serv. Nay, we are in earnest, I'll assure you, therefore pray don't put us to the Trouble of using you roughly; for upon my word, tho' I know how to make you comply, I wou'd much rather you shou'd confess it by fair means.

Mart. Confess what, Sir?

2d Serv. That you are a Doctor, Sir: We have heard what wondrous cures you have done, tho' your Modesty won't let you own it; but pray, Sir, don't stand to dispute, but come along with us.

Mart. Cures! ha, ha, ha, you certainly have mistaken the Man; why do I look as if I was a Doctor?

1st Serv. 'Tis no matter what you look like, Sir, we know you are one, therefore pray come along, or we shall make you.

Mart. Ay, you may make me go along with you, if you will, but you'll never make a Doctor of me I can tell you.

2d Serv. Nor you won't own it?

[Slaps him over the Back.]

Mart. Own what, Gentlemen, what do you mean?

1st Serv. To make you confess.

[Strikes him.]

Mart. What must I confess?

2d Serv.

2d Serv. Your Skill.

Mart. Skill, Gentlemen! I confess all the Skill I have is in Faggot-making, in good faith, Masters.

1st Serv. We shall make you alter your Note, Mr. Faggot-maker, e'er we have done with you.

[Both beat him.

Mart. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, I am ———

2d Serv. Oh! have we found the way to make you speak Truth.

Mart. But a Faggot-maker — [Looking pitifully.

1st Serv. Again at your Shifts; we were told indeed that you must be soundly beaten, e'er you wou'd own it.

[They beat him soundly.

Mart. Oh! hold, hold, I am a Doctor, Gentlemen, I beg your pardons.

2d Serv. Sir, your humble Servant; now we honour you, be pleas'd to be cover'd Sir.

Mar. By no means, Sir.

2d Serv. O! by all means, Sir, pray put on your Hat.

Mart. Sir, your humble Servant, Sir: [Comically.] Pray what Distemper has your young Lady, Sir?

2d Serv. She's Dumb, Sir.

Mart. Dumb! good lack, good lack — I wish my Wife was so. [Aside.

2d Serv. She was struck dumb, just as she was going to be married to Sir Toby Doubtful; and they were forced to put off the Marriage, because she cou'd not say after the Parson.

Mart. Say you so, a very hard case truly. — This may be a very lucky hit for my Master Bellmie; for I suspect she's not dumb in earnest. [Aside.

2d Serv. Well, Sir, do you think you can do her any good?

Mart. Why, Masters, I'll use my Endeavours, since you

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you have got the Secret out, I'll assure you; and I don't question but to bring her to her Speech again.

1st Serv. Say you so, Sir, pray come along quickly then. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E Selfwill's House.

Lucinda on a Couch, with Belliza by her.

Bell. And how long do you design to be dumb, Cousin?

Luc. Till I can speak to the purpose.

Bell. That is, till you can get *Bellmie*, or discard the old Man. Well, this Love's a desperate Business.

Luc. As desperate as 'tis, Cousin, I find you are not frighten'd at the Apprehension of it.

Bellm. What do you mean?

Luc. Nay what do you mean, by hiding your Desires from me?

Bellm. Desires! what Desires prithee?

Luc. What! you think I don't see you are in Love with *Bellmie's* Friend! Don't you remember how warmly you asserted his Innocence this Morning, when he traduc'd *Bellmie*, and but now you confess he told you he ly'd in every Syllable.

Bellm. And will you infer from that, I love him?

Luc. Come, come, Cousin, we never stickle up for the Person we don't care for.

Bellm. Well then, *Lucinda*, to be ingenious, I do like *Ostasio* above all Men living, I can't tell why, — but methinks there is something in his Humour so very agreeable, that did he like me as well, I cou'd be content to say those three dismal Words, Love, Honour, and Obey.

G

Luc. Well,

Luc. Well, Cousin, I'm glad to find you'll bear me Company; if Fortune shou'd smile once again, I'll warrant you *Octavio* won't forsake his Friend, and so fair a Fortune; but here comes my Father, now to my Couch.
[*Runs and lies down.*]

Enter Selfwill and Martin.

Self. How dost thou, Child? speak to me if thou canst?
[*She shakes her Head.*]

Bell. Indeed, Uncle, I have try'd all the ways I cou'd think on to make her speak to me, but to no purpose. — Ha! if I'm not mistaken, that is the same Fellow that brought the Oranges to Day, I suspect she'll quickly speak were but my Uncle removed.
[*Aside.*]

Self. Good lack! Well, Mr. Doctor, you see what a Condition she's in, if you can restore her to her Speech, I'll give you what you'll ask.

Mart. I don't doubt it, Sir, — pray, Madam, open your Mouth. [*She opens.*] Very well — Let me feel your Pulse; in a very low Condition truly. Sir, I must desire every Body to avoid the Room; for I never work any of these Cures before any but my Patient's, and you must bring me Pen, Ink, and Paper, and be sure you shut the Doors fast, and for your Life don't let any body approach within twenty Foot of the Door.
[*In a very grave Tone.*]

Bell. So — now I see my Suspicion is true — Sure, Doctor, you design to conjure for her Speech.

Mart. Not at all, Madam, but I have a particular Method, and it is not safe for any body to be near.

Bell. I am gone, pray Heaven your Design prospers.
[*Exit.*]

Self. But, Doctor, may I not stay in the Room, I'll not look towards you.

Mart. By

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Mart. By no means, Sir, — I tell you, if any Person is in the Room the Charm will be of no Effect.

Self. Say you so, Sir, well then I'm gone, — but I'm resolv'd to watch which way this Fellow does this Miracle, it must be by the Devil certainly; I have a Window in my Chamber looks into this, whence I may see all that's done. [*Aside.*] Well, Doctor, I'll pray for you that your Undertaking may prosper, I'll send you Pen, Ink, and Paper immediately. [*Exit.*

Mart. Pray do, Sir. — Now if she shou'd really be dumb — Egad I'll try. [*Aside.*] What wou'd my Master *Bellmie* give to be in my place, Madam.

Luc. Ha! *Bellmie*! are not you he that was here with Oranges.

Mart. I am, Madam. — Ho, ho, it is as I suppos'd. [*Aside.*

Enter one with Pen, Ink, &c.

Mart. And go, go, go, be gone quickly. [*Exit Servant.*] Ah! Madam, if you had taken that Letter.

Luc. I wish I had; but hark ye, did you never live with *Bellmie*?

Mart. Yes, Madam, when he first courted you, my Name is *Martin*; but Poverty and Labour, Madam, has almost defac'd me in the Memory of every body; but Madam, we must be quick, pray take this Paper and write to my Master, who is almost driven to Despair, to hear of this sad Accident.

Luc. Give it me quickly; but pray, which way got you Credit with my Father to pass upon him for a Doctor?

Self. Certainly they talk, I can't hear what they say tho'.

[*Appears at a Window.*

Mart. By Inspiration, I think; for how I came to be

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be taken for a Doctor I don't know; all I know is, that I was forced hither out of the Field, by two of your Father's Men, perhaps they mistook me for another; but they were very importunate, as my poor Back and Shoulders can testify, for I'm almost beaten to a Jelly.

[Shrugs his Shoulders.]

Luc. Alas! poor Fellow, there's a Guinea for thee; certainly this must be a lucky Omen — Well I'll give you a Letter immediately. *[Writes.]*

Self. They certainly talk, but if I am not mistaken, she's a writing too; pray Heaven this be't some Fiend, and my Child making a Contract with the Devil; I'll step down and try whether the Devil or I are most cunning.

Luc. There, I have done.

Enter Selfwill behind her, and snatches the Paper from her.

Self. Have you so.

Luc. Oh Lord!

Mart. Ha! Nay then a clear Stage for the Doctor.

[Exit.]

Self. What's this?

[Reads.]

M*Y dear, dear Bellmie, it is impossible for me to express the Joy I feel, at finding you constant when I least thought you so; let me beg of you to suspend your Fears, for I am not dumb, only counterfeit it as the last Remedy to prevent my barbarous Father's Designs, who was resolutely bent to marry me that Moment; and be assur'd I'll never give my Hand to any but thy self; therefore be certain of the Heart of*

Your Lucinda.

Oh

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Oh brave! — Barbarous Father! — hum! — You impudent, audacious, treacherous Slut! — Huzzy, I'll marry you to my Scullion, I will, huzzy, if I please; counterfeited with a Pox, I'll counterfeit you, I'll yerke the sullen Devil out of you, I will so.

Enter Belliza.

Bell. Bless me, Uncle, what's the matter?

Self. I'll tell you what's the matter by and by, if you vex me; where's this Rogue, this cozening Dog, this is the same Fellow, I believe, that brought the Devil in an Orange, but I'll send him to the Devil I warrant him. *[Exit.*

Bell. Well, Cousin, I over-heard all, what will you do now? he'll certainly force you immediately.

Luc. I have but one Card left to play, if that fails, I'm lost.

Enter Selfwill again.

Self. He has made his Escape, a Dog; but if ever I catch him — Well, Mistress, I hope your Tongue is in a Readiness, — here's Sir *Toby*; one Denial, do ye hear, and you had better be hang'd

Luc. On my Knees, Sir, I beg your Pardon. — And since I see nothing will persuade you to the contrary, I submit freely to your Pleasure.

Self. So, that's well said.

Enter Sir Toby.

Self. Joy, Sir *Toby*, my Daughter speaks again.

Sir Toby. Then I am a happy Man; Madam, your most humble Servant.

[Salutes her.

Self. Well,

Self. Well, I'll to the Parson, Sir *Toby*; Cousin, in the mean time do you dress the Bride; adad I'll have a Dance e'er I sleep yet. [Exit.]

Sir Toby. Well, my dear, we shall be very happy, you shall never refuse me any thing, and I'll do just what I please with you; we may toy, and play, and kiss, — and — ha! from the Head to the Foot, for I am Master of all; methinks I see your pretty Eyes, half closed languishing thus, and your ruby Lips like a Rose-bud just opening, and distilling a moist Dew upon mine: Ha! your pretty Ears suck'd to a Vermilion Colour, your Alabaſter Neck, and those two pretty Bubbles; — and you — in fine, all your Person is at my Discretion, and I at my own to caress you as I please, Ha! my Girl, does not this please you? ha!

Bell. O my Conscience, the old Man's in a Rapture. [Aside.]

Luc. O! extremely, Sir *Toby*; for my Father's rigid Severity has made me almost weary of my Life, I am stark mad for my Liberty; for my part I never loved *Bellmie* only with a Design to get away from my Father, and his gay Humor promised me I shou'd follow my own; but I'd as live have you as him, or any body else, so I get but out of my Father's Jurisdiction.

Sir Toby. How! how! was that all?

Luc. Positively, which I hope to Heaven will quickly be; now I'll prepare for Diversion, and retrieve the time I've lost; you must promise me one thing, Sir *Toby*.

Sir Toby. What's that, Madam?

Luc. To let me have a House, or very good Lodgings about St. James's.

Sir Toby. About St. James's?

Bell. Oh! by all means, Sir *Toby*, all People of Breeding,

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Breeding, and Fashion, live at that end of the Town.

Luc. Especially the Company that I shall most covet.

Sir Toby. But *St. James's* is quite out of my way of Business; for that lies at the Exchange, you know.

Bell. Better still, *Sir Toby*, for you may keep Lodgings in the City, and visit your Wife every Saturday Night, and stay till Monday, true Citizen like, you know.

Sir Toby. Why, what do you think I design to lie with my Wife but once a Week then?

Luc. Once a Week! I wou'd not for the World bed with you oftner; why 'tis not the Fashion, *Sir Toby*; and I assure you when I marry I hope to be my own Mistress, and follow my own Inclination, which will carry me to the utmost Pinnacle of the Fashion.

Sir Toby. Humh! ——— that is as much as to say, the Fashion is for Ladies to cuckold their Husbands; and for the better effecting of it, they'd find Pretence for lying alone. *[Aside.]*

Bell. You look like a very gallant Gentleman, *Sir Toby.*

Sir Toby. I believe if she takes your Counsel, I shall soon look like a Beast. *[Aside.]*

Luc. Ay, that knows how a Woman shou'd live; I'm certain you are not one of those ill-natur'd Husbands, who expect to keep their Wives like Melons under Glasses; I believe we shall agree the best in the World.

Sir Toby. Asunder I believe it must be then.

Bell. She'll distract the old Fellow presently. *[Aside.]*
And then, *Sir Toby*, you must alter your Livery, and
give

give a lac'd one, for grey turn'd up with blew looks so like a Country Squire. Ha, ha, ha.

Luc. One thing more I had like to forgot, I must have a French Chariot positively; for I wou'd not give a Farthing for a Chariot, if it ben't a French one.

Sir Toby. French! egad I wou'd not have a Nail about my Coach that's French, for the Wealth of the East-India Company. French Chariot! say ye, Zouns, Madam, do ye take me for a Jacobite? ha!

Bell. Oh Lord! he'll beat us by and by. [*Aside.*]
 ——— No, no, *Sir Toby*, Gentlemen may follow the French Fashions, nay, sup with a Frenchman, yet be no Jacobite.

Sir Toby. I say 'tis a Lie, and I'll keep no French Chariot.

Luc. You'll at least keep six Horses, *Sir Toby*, for I wou'd not make a Tour in High-Park with less for the World; for methinks a pair looks like a Hackney.

Sir Toby. Zouns this Woman will undo me. [*Aside.*]

Luc. For my part I hate Solitude, Churches, and Prayers.

Bell. So do I directly; for except *St. James's Church*, one scarce sees a well drest Man, or ever receives a Bow from any thing above one's Mercer.

Sir Toby. Why what a world of Religion our Ladies have; why do you go to Church to pay and receive Bows pray?

Bell. Not absolutely on purpose, *Sir Toby*; but she that has no Reverence from a Crowd, is look'd upon as an obscure Person, than which there cannot be a greater Affront; for the Pleasure of living now a-days, is to be known and talk'd of.

Sir Toby. And I'm mistaken if you'll not give cause enough for talk.

[*Aside.*]
Luc. For

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Luc. For my part I love the Park, Plays. Oh Heavens! what ails you Sir? Your Countenance is chang'd.

Sir Toby. 'Tis only Vapors ——— my Head is giddy a little.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, ———

Luc. Oh! 'tis a Disease that afflicts abundance of People, ——— but our Marriage, I hope, will dissipate that, I'll fetch you some cold Water, Sir
Toby.

Sir Toby. No, no, it will off again. — Mercy upon me, what a Judgment have I escap'd [Aside.

Luc. Well, Sir Toby, I'll in and dress, my Father and the Parson will be here presently ——— Come, Cousin, if this has not put Marriage out of his Head, Heaven help *Lucinda.* [Aside.

Bell. 'Tis the maddest Method I e'er knew put in Practice.

Sir Toby. The Devil take him that stays for their coming. [Exit.

S C E N E *the Street.*

Enter Bellmie, Octavio, and Martin.

Bellm. Was there ever a more promising Prospect so cursedly cross'd?

Oct. Never certainly, yet you are happy in being beloved; Fortune will at last crown your Wishes, *Bellmie*, she cannot always be severe; it is her Property to change, you know, therefore cheer up.

Bellm. O that I had a thousand Men to fight for her sake, they shou'd one after another fall, or I'd be freed from this cursed Pain of Wishing. I have no

H hopes

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hopes now, there's no way left to get Possession of her.
—— I'll fire his House about his Ears.

Os. That may endanger her —— ha! who comes here, *Sir Toby*? Do you slip aside, for he does not know that I know you.

Bellm. I wish he was young as I am, that I might take an honourable Revenge on him.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Pox on't, I find I love this Woman, tho' if I marry her, I'm certain to be a Cuckold.

Os. *Sir Toby*, your Servant, well met, I was just going to look for you, a Jeweller of my Acquaintance tells me, you were enquiring for a Diamond Ring, to present your Lady with, he says he has one of the finest in *England*, and desires me to introduce him.

Sir Toby. Mr. *Osorio*, I thank you; but I have no occasion for it at present.

Os. How! not at present! why you'll give it her before you marry her, won't you?

Sir Toby. But I don't know whether I shall marry her or no; I wish I were in *France* now, for there's wise Men, and learned Men, that wou'd resolve one a Question immediately.

Os. A good hint —— Why, *Sir Toby*, if you have any Question depending on Philosophy or Astrology, here's one of the most ingenious Fellows in *France* now in Town, I came over in the same Ship with him.

Sir Toby. Say you so, Sir, pray can you bring me to him.

Os. My Servant shall shew you, or he shall be at my Lodging in a quarter of an Hour: I wou'd wait on you my self, *Sir Toby*, was I not to help a Friend away with his Mistress, a friendly Office, you know.

Sir Toby. Ay,

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Sir *Toby*. Ay, ay, Sir, so it is; well, Sir, I'll be at your Lodgings in that time, you'll give Order to your Man. I'll know I'm resolv'd, whether this be only her Humour, or if I shall be a Cuckold, or not. *[Exit.*

Bellmie appears.

Bellm. I over-heard all; but what a Pox does he want a wife Man for?

Oſ. I know not, but guess it is something about *Lucinda*; what think you of personating the wife Man I promised to introduce him to? if it don't absolutely prevent, it may at least defer the Marriage.

Bellm. With all my Heart.

Oſ. Come, let's to my Lodgings, where you shall equip your self ready to receive him. *[Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to Lucinda's Apartment.**Enter Lucinda and Belliza.*

Bell. **I** My Conscience this is the maddest Frolick I ever saw, why thou hast almost thrown the old Man into Convulsions; I dare swear thou hast frightened Matrimony out of his Head.

Luc. I hope so, or he'll fright me out of my Wits.

Bell. Nay, if he ventures on you after this, you need never fear his being jealous.

Luc. I doubt I shall give him cause enough, if he has not the Grace to take Warning. — But hush, here's my Father.

Enter Selfwill.

Self. Daughter, where's Sir Toby?

Luc. Gone out, Sir, but he'll not be long, I suppose.

Self. Odsso. gone out! — I made account he shou'd have heard the Musick practis'd over, which I design'd for your Wedding; for I'll keep a publick Wedding, Girl.

Bell. 'Tis too late, Uncle to invite any body to Day, therefore you had as good defer the Wedding till to Morrow, had you not, Uncle?

Self. No marry had I not, — Hang Delays, I hate them, she may be married to Night, and we may keep the Wedding to Morrow, or next Day, therefore I say
it

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it shall be done to Night: I spoke to some of the Singers in the Play-house to be ready if I sent for them, and I gave them an Invitation to my House, and one of them is within already; and Daughter, till Sir Toby comes she shall divert you; d'ye hear, desire that Gentlewoman to come in.

Enter Mrs. Shaw.

Self. Come, Madam, pray oblige us with some of your newest Entertainments. [*She sings.*] Very well, very well, there's five Guineas for you, d'ye see, to Morrow I shall send for you again. Come, my Girl, come along with me, and I'll make you a Present of your Mother's Jewels; thou shalt lose nothing, my Girl, by being dutiful, d'ye see.

Bell. Nor you get nothing by being obstinate, old Gentleman, if our Plot takes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Octavio's Lodgings.*

Enter Bellmie like a Philosopher on one side, seeming to talk to some body within; and Sir Toby and Servants on the other side.

Serv. That's he, Sir.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sir Toby. Very well.

Bellm. Go, you are insufferable, a Man fit to be banish'd all learned Conversation. [*Looking back.*] Yes, I'll maintain it by all the Arguments of Philosophy, that thou art an *Ignoramus*, and ought to be despis'd by all Men of Letters.

Sir Toby. He's in a Passion with some body — Sir, — Sir, —

Bellm. Thou

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Bellm. Thou pretend to argue Reason, and dost not understand the Elements of Reason?

Sir Toby. His Anger blinds him, he, does not see me, ——— Sir, ——— Sir, ———

Bellm. It is a Position to be condemn'd by all the learned World.

Sir Toby. Some body has vex'd him.

Bellm. *Toto cælo, tota via aberras.*

Sir Toby. Doctor, I kiss your Hand.

Bellm. Your Servant.

Sir Toby. May one ———

Bellm. Dost thou know what thou hast done. [*Looking back.*] Thou hast committed a Syllogism in Abordo.

Sir Toby. I wou'd ———

Bellm. The Major is insipid, the Minor is impertinent, and the Conclusion ridiculous.

Sir Toby. I ———

Bellm. I'll be hang'd e'er I agree to what tho say'st, and I'll hold my Opinion to the last Drop of my Ink.

Sir Toby. Doctor, I wou'd ———

Bellm. Yes, I'll defend that Position, *Pugnis & Calcibus, Unguibus & Rostro.*

Sir Toby. Mr. *Aristotle*, pray mayn't one know what puts you into such a Passion?

Bellm. A Subject the most just in the World.

Sir Toby. Pray what is it?

Bellm. An ignorant Fellow wou'd pretend to hold an Argument the most unjust, unsufferable, insupportable. —

Sir Toby. May one not know what it is?

Bellm. Ah! Sir, every thing is turn'd upside down, and the World is corrupted as if there was a Licence for Vice; and the Magistrates who are establish'd to keep good Order, ought to blush for suffering such an intolerable Scandal as this, which I speak of.

Sir Toby. But pray what is it?

Bellm. Is

Bellm. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heaven for Vengeance, that it shou'd be said publicly, the Form of a Hat.

Sir Toby. How!

Bellm. I hold the Figure of a Hat, not the Form, so far, that there's this Difference between the Form and the Figure, the Form is the exterior Disposition of Bodies animate, and the Figure is the exterior Disposition of Bodies inanimate; so that the Hat being inanimate, it must be said the Figure, not the Form; yes, thou ignorant Blockhead, this is the way you must talk, and this the Term that *Aristotle* expresses in the Chapter of Qualities. [Looking back]

Sir Toby. Is this all? — why I thought you had lost all you have in the World, don't mind this, think no more on't, Doctor.

Bellm. I am so mad I hardly know my self.

Sir Toby. Oh! lay aside the Form and Figure of the Hat, I have something else to communicate to you, I —

Bellm. Impertinent Blockhead. [Looking back]

Sir Toby. Pray, Sir, contain your self, I —

Bellm. Ignorant.

Sir Toby. Oh gad! I —

Bellm. To pretend to hold an Argument of this kind.

Sir Toby. He is in the wrong indeed, — I —

Bellm. Expressly an Opinion condemn'd by *Aristotle*.

Sir Toby. Yes, you are in the right, and he's a Fool, an impudent Fellow to pretend to argue with a Doctor of your Knowledge, but there's an end of that matter: I desire you to hear me, I am come to consult you about an Affair that troubles me a little, I have a Design to take me a Wife to keep me Company, the Person, d'ye see, is handsome, well shap'd, and I like her very well, and she is over-joy'd to marry me, and her Father has given me his Consent; but I'm afraid of you know what,

what, the common Misfortune that attends married Men; so that I wou'd desire you as a wife Man, and gifted with Knowledge of the Stars, to tell me your Opinion, and give me your Advice upon it.

Bellm. Rather than it shall be allow'd to be the Form of a Hat, I'd sooner allow *datur vacuum in rerum natura*. or that I am an Ass.

Sir Toby. Plague on this Man. [*Aside.*] Pray, Doctor, hear People a little when they speak to you; I have been a talking to you this Hour, and you don't answer me one Word to the purpose.

Bellm. I beg your Pardon, I have such reason to be angry, that I'm not my self yet.

Sir Toby. Pho — let all that alone, and pray hear me.

Bellm. Well, I will, — pray what wou'd you say to me.

Sir Toby. I wou'd speak to you about some serious Business.

Bellm. What Tongue wou'd you use with me?

Sir Toby. What Tongue!

Bellm. Ay.

Sir Toby. Why the Tongue I have in my Head, I shan't borrow my Neighbour's.

Bellm. Ay, but what Idiom, what Language I mean?

Sir Toby. Ho, that's another thing.

Bellm. Will you talk to me in Italian?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. In Spanish?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. In High-Dutch?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. In French?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. Latin?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. Greek.

Bell. Greek?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. Hebrew?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. In Syriack?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. In Turkish?

Sir Toby. No.

Bellm. Arabick?

Sir Toby. No, no, no, no. English.

Bellm. Ho! in English — very well. — Then come on t'other side, for this Ear is kept only for Strangers, and the other for our Mother Tongue.

Sir Toby. Here's a great deal of Ceremony with these People. *[Aside.*

Bellm. Well, what wou'd you ask now?

Sir Toby. I told you before, Sir, but I perceive you did not mind me, why I wou'd consult you upon a little Difficulty.

Bellm. A Difficulty in Philosophy without doubt.

Sir Toby. Excuse me, I —

Bellm. Perhaps you wou'd know if the Substance and Accident, are Terms synonymous or equivocal, in regard of their being.

Sir Toby. Not at all, I wou'd —

Bellm. If Logick be an Art, or Science.

Sir Toby. No nor that, I —

Bellm. Whether it has three Operations of the Mind, or the third only.

Sir Toby. No, I —

Bellm. If there is ten Categories, or if there be but one.

Sir Toby. Neither, I —

Bellm. If the Conclusion be of the Essence, or of the Syllogism.

I

Sir Toby. No,

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Sir Toby. No, no, no, no.

Bellm. If the good be reciprocal with the end.

Sir Toby. Zouns, no ——— [Stamps.

Bellm. If the end can move us by a real Being, or by an intentional Being.

Sir Toby. No, no; by the Devil and all his Imps, no.

Bellm. Why then explain your Mind, for I can't guess it.

Sir Toby. So I will explain my self, but you won't hear me. I tell you I have a mind to marry, I have her Father's Consent and hers too, but I'm afraid ———

Bellm. Words be given to Man to explain his Mind, the Mind is the Picture of Things, as our Words are the Pictures of our Meaning; but these Pictures differ from all other Pictures, insomuch as other Pictures are distinguish'd by their Originals; and the Word keeps in it self the original Being, that it is nothing else but the Mind explain'd by some exterior Sign or Motion; whence it comes that those who think well talk the better; explain then your Mind by your Word, which is the most intelligible of all the Signs.

Sir Toby. A Pox take you and all your Signs and Figures; get in and be damn'd, get in. [Pushes him in.

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Ha, ha, ha. [Aside.

Sir Toby. Oh! Mr. *Octavio*, are you come, Pox take your learned Man here, he won't hear one Word a Man has to say to him; I never was so plagu'd in all my Life, phugh, ——— [Walks about in a Heat.

Oct. I just heard his Character, *Sir Toby*, and came to your Relief; faith I had but small Acquaintance with him, as I told you before, only coming over in the same Ship with him, but I have heard of another a very sober discreet Person, they say, if you please you may consult him, he lodges at the Sign of the Globe in the next

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next Street ; I have a little Business at present, or I'd wait on you, Sir *Toby*, I hope you'll excuse me. [*Exit.*

Sir *Toby*. Sir, your Servant. — A Pox on this Fellow, I shan't be my self again this Hour, yet I'm resolved to hear what t'other says ; for if there is any Possibility of escaping Cuckoldom, I wou'd marry this Girl. [*Exit*

Re-enter Octavio and Bellmie.

Oct. Excellently well performed, *Bellmie* ; why you cant learnedly, and wou'd make an admirable Fortune-teller, ha ! thou'rt a handsome Fellow, and wou'd have all the Ladies Customs.

Bellm. Pox take this old Dog, he has put me quite out of Breath, I had much ado to forbear laughing.

Oct. Nor I, but come let's consider who shall personate the other learned Man ; what think you of doing it your self ?

Bellm. With all my Heart.

Oct. You must alter your Dress then, and represent a Man whose Temper and Principles are just opposite to all you did just now ; seem to doubt every thing, and be positive in nothing, d'ye hear ?

Bellm. I'll warrant you, let me alone for cross Purposes.

Oct. Come, you must about it immediately ; in the mean time I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill* Sir *Toby* wou'd speak with him at the Globe, I'll be sure to get him abroad, then do as we agreed on. [*Exeunt.*

The S C E N E Selfwill's House.

Enter Selfwill, Lucinda, and Belliza.

Self. I can't imagine where Sir *Toby* is gone, I wonder he shou'd go out of the way, when he knew I was gone for the Parson.

I 2

Bell. It

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Bell. It is not very civil truly.

Luc. I hope he'll never come again.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Octavio.

Oct. Ladies, your humble Servant. Mr. *Selfwill*, Sir *Toby* humbly begs your Pardon, he met with some Friends that detain him against his Will, at the Globe, where he desires you'd meet him; and he also begs the Favour of this Lady to give me leave to wait on her to the Church, where he'll meet her instantly; for what reason I know not, but he says he's resolved not to be married out of a Church, which I believe was the cause of his going away.

Self. Nay, if that be all, with all my heart.

Oct. 'Tis to *Bellmie*, Madam, I conduct you.

[*Aside.*]

Self. D'ye hear, Daughter, let Mr. *Octavio* wait on you, as Sir *Toby* desires: Niece, you'll bear her Company, and see her given away.

Bell. But not to the Man you expect, Uncle.

[*Aside.*]

Self. Mr. *Octavio* your Servant.

[*Exit.*]

Oct. Sir, yours. Now, Madam, if Fortune favours us, *Bellmie* will be happy. [*Turning to Belliza.*] Madam, have you no Charity, how long must I serve e'er you reward my Service?

Bell. Serve me, Sir! this is the first Moment I knew I had such a Servant; I shall observe with what Diligence you officiate for the future.

Oct. For the future! ods life, Madam, what do you mean? If you knew my Constitution half so well as I do, you'd reward me presently; for I have serv'd already, in my Opinion, a Patriarch's Apprenticeship.

Bell. Nay,

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Bell. Nay, if your Account runs so swiftly, I'm afraid you'll forget you e'er serv'd at all.

Oſ. No, Madam, bind me but once fast in Marriage-Bonds, and I shall become as errant a Husband as you'd wish.

Luc. The Gentleman promises fair, Cousin; pray try him.

Bell. First let me see you disposed of, what that may put into my Head I know not, but I'll promise nothing.

Oſ. But perform, I hope, as much as those that do; I'll still hope the best: Come, Ladies, my Friend will be impatient. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *the Globe.*

Enter Bellmie on one side, and Sir Toby on the other.

Sir Toby. Doctor, your Servant.

Bell. Sir, your very humble Servant; pray what is your Business?

Sir Toby. Ay, this Man is something like, he'll give one leave to speak. [Aside.] I am come, Doctor. —

Bellm. Hold, Sir, change, if you please, your way of talking; our Philosophy teaches never to be positive in any thing, always suspend your Judgment. — By that Rule you must not say you are come, but you believe you are come.

Sir Toby. Believe I am come!

Bellm. Yes.

Sir Toby. I must believe it because it is so.

Bellm. That is not the Consequence, you may believe it to be so, tho' the thing is not true.

Sir Toby. How! what, is it not true that I am come?

Bellm. That's uncertain, and we are to doubt of any thing. *Sir Toby.*

Sir Toby. What! am not I here, and don't you talk to me?

Bellm. I believe you are there, and I think I talk to you, but am not certain of it.

Sir Toby. What the Devil do ye banter me? I am here, and I see you there plain enough, yet there's no Belief in it. Pray let all these Whims alone, and let us talk of our Business, I come to tell you I have a mind to marry.

Bell. I don't know that.

Sir Toby. Why but I tell you.

Bellm. That may be.

Sir Toby. And the Lady that I design for my Wife is young and handsom.

Bellm. That's not impossible.

Sir Toby. Shall I do well, or ill to marry her.

Bellm. One or the other.

Sir Toby. Ha! here's another Rogue now. [*Aside.* I ask you if I shall do well to marry that Lady.

Bellm. According as it proves.

Sir Toby. Shall I do ill?

Bellm. Peradventure.

Sir Toby. Pray, Sir, answer me as you shou'd do.

Bellm. 'Tis my Design.

Sir Toby. I have a great Inclination for the Maid.

Bellm. Not unlikely.

Sir Toby. I have her Father's Consent.

Bellm. It may be so.

Sir Toby. But in marrying her I'm afraid of being a Cuckold.

Bellm. It may be done.

Sir Toby. May it so, Sir?

Bellm. There's no Impossibility.

Sir Toby. Did ever any body hear such a cautious Dog. [*Aside.*] But what wou'd you do, if you were in my place?

Bellm. I

Bellm. I don't know.

Sir Toby. What wou'd you counsel me to do?

Bellm. What you please.

Sir Toby. You'll make me mad. *[Looking angrily.]*

Bellm. I wash my Hands of it.

Sir Toby. The Devil take him. *[Aside.]*

Bellm. Look'e, Sir, what will happen, will happen.

Sir Toby. Pox on this Dog, I'll make you change your Note, I'll warrant you. *[Beats him.]* There's for your Nonsense, now I'm satisfied.

Bellm. What Insolence is this, to strike a Philosopher, a Man of Learning as I am?

Sir Toby. Pray, good Doctor, change your way of talking, you must not be positive in any thing, you must not say I beat you, the most you can say is, that you believe I beat you.

Bell. I'll instantly make my Complaint to a Justice, I'll have Satisfaction for the Blows I received.

Sir Toby. I wash my Hands on't.

Bellm. I have the Marks upon my Shoulders.

Sir Toby. That may be.

Bellm. 'Tis you have given me 'em.

Sir Toby. That's not impossible.

Bellm. I shall have a Warrant for you.

Sir Toby. I know nothing of the matter.

Bellm. And you shall make me Satisfaction, or go to Prison.

Sir Toby. What will happen, will happen. Ha, ha, ha.

Bellm. Ay, let me alone with you. *[Exit.]*

Sir Toby. The Devil go with you and all such confounded Dogs, one can't get a word positive from 'em; a little canting Nonsense, what a Pox do they pretend to Learning for? I knew as much before I came as I do now, what shall I do in this Incertitude? If I marry I shall certainly be a Cuckold, and my Children Bastards.

— There

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— There must be something in these Fellows Shufflings, for burn 'em they are wise Men when one has said all; and therefore they certainly know I shall be a Cuckold if I marry, but are afraid to tell me so; therefore I will not marry I am resolved, and so I'll go and tell Mr. *Selfwill*. Ha! what is he come to ask Advice to?

Enter Selfwill.

Sir Toby. Mr. *Selfwill* your humble Servant, what do you do here?

Self. Why did you not send for me, *Sir Toby*?

Sir Toby. Not I, Sir.

Self. What! did you not send *Ottavio* for me, and order'd him to wait on my Daughter to Church, where you'd meet her.

Sir Toby. Upon my Faith, not I. I was just a coming to tell you I have alter'd my Design of Marriage, my Years do not suit with Matrimony; and therefore I desire you to dispose of your Daughter to whom you please; I beg your Pardon, but won't marry I'm resolved.

Self. How! how's this, *Sir Toby*! Do you make a Fool of my Daughter?

Sir Toby. Not I, Mr. *Selfwill*, — nor do I design your Daughter shall make a Cuckold of me. — [*Aside.*

Self. What do you mean by saying you won't marry?

Sir Toby. Just as I say, I mean, — I will not marry I tell you.

Self. Did you not send for me, say you? —

Sir Toby. No, Sir.

Self. Nor for my Daughter?

Sir Toby. Neither.

Self. O Lord! I'm ruin'd, undone. [*Stamps.*] Who is this *Ottavio*? *Sir Toby*, you are a Knave, I doubt in my Conscience. I believe you have pretended Love to my Daughter all this while, only to put a Trick upon me.

Sir Toby. Have

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Sir Toby, Have a care what you say, Mr. Selfwill;
egad I won't take an Affront. [*Holds up his Cane.*]

Enter Bellmie, Octavio, Lucinda and Belliza.

Oct. Hold, Gentlemen, I hope you are not in earnest;
Sir Toby, I have brought your Bride. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Toby. She shall be Your Bride if you will, Sir.

Oct. Here's a Gentleman has a better Title to her.

Bellm. and Luc. Your Blessing, Sir. [*To Selfwill kneeling.*]

Self. What the Devil! you are not married, are you?

Oct. 'Tis even so, Mr. Selfwill.

Self. Why then take her, but not a Groat of mine
along with her, I'll promise you that; there's five hun-
dred a Year her Grandmother left her, which I can't
hinder her of, I wish I cou'd, you shou'd starve together.

Sir Toby. Tal, dera, dal, dal, dal; I'm glad I'm shut
of her, for if she cou'd steal a Husband, she'd have stole
the Devil and all of Gallants. [*Aside.*] But I thought,
Mr. Octavio, you was my Friend.

Oct. So I am, Sir Toby; did I not tell you from the
first, Marriage wou'd not agree with your Years? ha!

Sir Toby. 'Tis very true, Sir, and I thank you for your
Care.

Oct. Mr. Selfwill, Uncle I mean, give me your Hand,
and let's be Friends.

Self. Uncle! why what, my Daughter did not set
your Chops a watering too, did she Niece, ha? I wish
you much Joy, if there can come any such thing from
the Sex, for I'm in doubt if there can or no; she has
a good Fortune, as long as that lasts you may live well
enough, and when 'tis spent there's Hedges and Barns
in the Country; hang, drown, or starve, I care
not. [*Exit.*]

Oct. and Bell. Ha, ha, ha.

K

Bellm. Come

66 *Love's Contrivance, or,*

Bellm. Come, my Dear, — in me
You shall both Father, Friend, and Husband find,
I ne'er can want of ought while you are kind.

Enter Martin and his Wife.

Mart. Sir, I have brought the Musick.

Bellm. That's well, we'll have a Dance however; but
first let me beg one Favour of you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir Toby. What's that, Sir?

Bellm. Only to forgive this Fellow, and make one
in our Diversion.

Sir Toby. Forgive him! why I don't know him.

Mart. Not my Person perhaps, *Sir Toby*, but my Parts
you do. I am he that sold you Oranges, Master, like-
wise the Doctor that restor'd this Lady to her Speech;
and this Gentleman, [*Pointing to Bellmie.*] by my Advice,
personated the two famous Astrologers of whom you
enquired your Fortune, whether or no you should be
a Cuckold, Master; do you know us now, Sir?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Toby. A thorough pac'd Rogue, — Why what
an Ass have I been made on. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, Sirrah,
don't you expect to be hang'd, ye Dog?

Mart. I am married, Sir.

Sir Toby. You are married, why then may the Curse
of Cockoldom light on thee, or what's worse, the Fear
of it. Good by to you all. [*Exit.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*All laugh.*]

Bell. Well, *Martin*, your Wife and you shall live with
me for the future, but you shall beat her no more.

Wife. Nay, I'm pretty even with him, Sir, for I put
him off for a Doctor, and got him well drub'd into
the Bargain.

Os. A very cunning Stratagem, but come let the Di-
version begin.

SONG

SONG. By Mr. Leveridge.

1.

SUE to Cælia for the Favour,
Why shou'd poor deluded Man,
As if he were sole Receiver,
Return no Blifs again?

2.

Were not Love condemn'd to Blindness
Quickly he wou'd find,
Tho' to him she feign the Kindness,
She's to her self most kind.

3.

Let us banish then the Fashion,
And be resolutely brave,
Since it is their Inclination
Let 'em ask before they have.

Off. Come, my Belliza, you shall find tho' I have hitherto talk'd wildly, that I love in earnest.
My Study shall be still for your Content,
Give me but Love, you never shall repent.

EPILOGUE.

What, if to end this Fortune-telling Play,
I tell you all your Fortunes here to Day;
And, faith, to judge by here and there a Face,
Fortune has Fav'rites scatter'd in this place:

K 2

The

The Beaus, whose Garb of late such Lustre darts,
 To draw fair Ladies Eyes, and break poor Tradesmens Hearts,
 Their Fortune is what still attends the Great,
 Still borrowing, still damn'd, and still in Debt.
 Pit-masks this Season are grown mighty bare,
 They scarce got Pattings to ply round May-Fair.
 But when the Term, and Winter comes agen,
 Bawds, Brims, and Lawyers flourish bravely then.
 Vintners and Taylors thro' such Knavish Lives,
 With honest Citts, and virtuous City Wives;
 I fear (tho' wishing it might be unevill)
 Like Pawn-Brokers, they'll all go to the Devil:
 The City Prentices, those upstart Beaus,
 In short Spruce Puffs, and Vigo Colour Clothes,
 Who with a Brace of Trulls stote here to Day,
 And muster'd up a Crown to see this Play;
 Lewdness and Gaming will run them aground,
 And Masters Cash fall short a hundred Pound.
 Our upper Friends, whose Height Respect denotes,
 Since Liv'ries too are not unlike lac'd Coats,
 By coming will such Criticks grow at last,
 Nothing but Standard-Wit will please their Taste,
 Till learning here how well the Town's harangu'd,
 They'll make ingenious Speeches when they're hang'd.
 Our Fidlers will, be scraping as before,
 Spend ev'ry Groat they get upon a Whore,
 Lead merry Lives, damn'd shabby, and damn'd poor:
 But where at last they'll go, is hard to tell,
 For really they're too impudent for Hell.
 The Ladies, by their melting Looks, I see,
 Will die for Love, perhaps for Love of me;
 My Pity flows apace to save their Life,
 I cou'd be kind, but must not wrong my Wife.
 But lastly, for the Fortune of this Play,
 Humour's a Hazard, yet thus much I'll say,
 The Author purely for your Mirth design'd it,
 And whether good or bad, 'tis — As you find it.

FINIS. 10 JU 68

